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VOL. 6. NO. 156.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Dec. 20, 1862.

JAMES S. WADSWORTH:

WHO HAS BEEN BUT POORLY SINCE THE SHOCK SUSTAINED BY HIM WHEN HE RAN AGAINST HORATIO SEYMOUR.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY - - - - - - - BEGINNING OF A NEW VOLUME.

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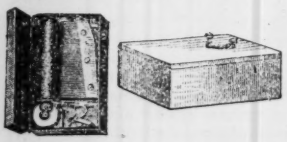

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FIFTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1862,

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1st of January, 1863,

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BOSTON.

Opinions of The Undersigned.

HAVE been to Boston!

Not that I am entirely unique in that particular. Indeed, I know a great many other estimable young gentlemen who have done the same thing with great success. But then I never did anything in my life that somebody has not done also, with great success; so if my Opinions are worth writing down where other subjects are concerned, why not on Boston likewise?

It was one of the objections raised against Boston, not long ago, that I had never been there. Now, that fault is overcome, and Boston is more nearly perfect than ever. It is a good place. I like it. In point of fact, I might parody that foreign chap, whose name I now forget, and say, "Had I not been born in New-York, I would have been born in Boston!"

I was not there long, so I had to learn a good deal in a little while. At first I fancied I was doing a grand feat; an Introduction Match—being introduced to One Thousand Men in One Thousand Hours. For in Boston every man knows every other man, and introduces you. Or else he knows some one else, and then he introduces you. The result is, that your poor memory, overburdened with names and faces, gives in, imbecile, and you go about frantically calling Jones, Smith, and Smith, Brown, and so on, in reckless confusion. What adds to this tangled state of things is the fact that every one of these gentlemen invites you to drink, and you generally accept. That is, if you are like me.

I have heard Boston generally called a Puritan city; why, I cannot divine, unless they keep Purer liquor there than here. There are more bar-rooms, and cosier ones, more good fellows to drink with, better fluids, and a more genial, hospitable atmosphere—social, I mean—than in any other town I know of, except, perhaps, out West somewhere. It took me a very short time, I know, to get acclimated to Boston liquor.

Not so with the weather. I can hardly get used to rain every day in the week, except Thursday, when it always snows. I intended to go down on the Common, to make hay when the sun shone. I didn't make hay on the Common. I arrived in Boston during a fine drizzle. I left in a cold rain. Between the two it stormed. The city is damp, mouldy, moist, misty, vaporous, oozy, wet, humid, aqueous, mildewed, watery, slippery, clammy, slimy, leaky, and miscellaneously fluvial, the whole time. The people get Dry often enough, but their city, never. I marvel that they don't wear submarine armor altogether, as a Winter costume. The meaner streets are like common sewers; the better ones like splendid aqueducts.

We all know how crooked the thoroughfares of Boston are. Some of them are tied in hard knots; others are so crooked they could never be tied. My friend Flud said that nothing was easier than to find places in Boston. "All you need do is to keep walking. You'll pass every place in the city, if you only keep straight on!"

But the trouble is that there is no such thing as keeping Straight on.

Still, I did not get lost once. I imagined, when I first plunged into the vortex, that I should have to tie a string to Parker's door-handle, and uncoil it as I walked, the way they do in exploring catacombs and things; but somehow or another I always contrived to be in the right place, whether I was the right man or not. I never learned the names of the streets, nor could I direct you to any place in Boston, to-day; but I could take you there—aye, even to old Davy's "Blue Bonnet," which is situated at the end of a series of blind alleys, like a spiral staircase pressed out flat. Of course you know the tradition, that the streets were laid out after the lines of the original cowpaths. It is a slur on the character of the original cows. No temperate and water-drinking cow ever laid out such a devious course. An intoxicated eel might.

In politics, Boston is not so crooked. It is not in the vaguest sense an Abolition town, as I have heard it called. It is a good, square old Democratic place, and if John Andrew had depended on Boston for his election, he might have stood out in the cold for a very long period. The press, however, is mostly Republican, and therefore doesn't amount to much. It consists chiefly of *Journals, Posts, Transcripts, Heralds,* and *Couriers,*

"With here and there a *Traveller*."

The editorials, with the exception of the *Post*, are rather feeble as a rule. The dramatic criticisms, friend Pyps will be pleased to know, are entirely written by Young Men in Stores, who do them for the sweet uses of the free list.

The State House is rather a fine building. It looked so well from the Common that I took care not to get any nearer, lest I should be disappointed. But when I buy Boston I think I'll live in the State House. Bunker Hill monument is thought well of by those who live near it. The Southern gentleman who was born insensible to fear does not call the roll of his slaves in its shadow, as yet. It was erected to mark the spot where Warren fell—the General of that name, and not the landlord of the Strawberry-Farms Hotel, as some suppose. For further particulars, consult some gazetteer, for, not having visited Bunker Hill, I am not very good authority. The "Old South" is a meeting-house. The Old State House has four poles on top, and the *Courier* office is down-stairs. That is all I know about the classic structures of Boston.

I am, by nature and education, so courteous and gallant an Undersigned, that I shrink from doing the slightest injustice to the sex which most I venerate. It is, therefore, with fear and trembling that I approach the Women of Boston. I hasten to acknowledge that I did not see them at home—the only place where the true woman can be truly seen. My view of them was, so to speek, a street-view merely. I saw many on Tremont and Washington streets, and —I longed for Broadway once more. I am not an admirer of English beauty. The full jowl, low forehead, and baggy waist of Albion's middle-class damsel are not provocative of worship in my heart. And the Boston women that I saw were much like Albion's middle-class damsels. They had not the airiness of gait, the jaunty costumes, the bright faces, that Gotham can boast of. Their complexions were browned by the east winds which sweep the crooked streets like a cold simoom. They wore hideous hats, like gentlemen's beavers cut down, with ugly little chicken's-wings stuck ungracefully up in front, and their hair was commonly confined in those unclean nets of worsted that servants and barmaids wear here. Woollen and hair-oil—Ugh!

I am inclined to think—at least to hope—that the nice girls of Boston do not promenade. Maybe they all agreed to stay indoors while I was there, having some wholesome dread of the

"—chiel amang 'em, takin' notes."

I must fain believe that so jolly a city must be full of jolly maidens, neat, and trim, and fair, and lovable, and wholesome. Certes, I saw them not.

The Students of Cambridge may be considered a Boston institution. They fill the billiard-rooms and the city-cars a good deal, and you can't remain in town a week without running against a score of them. Excellent youths, full of the largesse of life and of enthusiasm which they will not own up to. They seem to imagine the aim of existence to be the giving of breakfasts and dinners, which they do with splendid hospitality and exceedingly good taste. In their chambers, at Cambridge, they live like gentlemen princes, and, when visiting them there, I could not wonder that Fitz-James O'Brien, the gallant and the gay, who died so pluckily after fighting so well, loved the queer little college-town and its life as he did.

It was with many regrets that I left Boston to its drizzle and its fun. The wine-room at Parker's will long be enshrined in my memory. I sigh to think that the squirrels on the Common know me no more. Flud now takes his matinal cocktail *solus*, and the pleasant fellows of the newspaper press welcome not my diurnal visitations. Still, I remember them all kindly, and that they recall me with no unhappy emotions is one among the many Opinions of

The Undersigned.

SONNIT TO A. LINCOLN.

Rote bi Mr. K. N. Pepper, Esq., on reading of his lait Messig.

Grait Magistrait! that gits up in the nite
All full ov Cair, & rites for severil Ours
Stiddy, & Meditaits with all his powrs—
A tryin all the wile to doo wots rite
to put a Stop to this unplesent Fite:
Youm all the peple wants, Grait Magistrait!
Your Egle vews you aint afraid to stait,
& you doant cair a cus for no man's spite!
Ther aint a Patrit anywers but wot
Knows youre a dooin jest wot he wood doo—
Pervidin he wos down ther on the spot
& had the mind to see throo things like you.
Sum Patrits ony ses your projick *may* do—
but thats becos you know so much more'n wot they doo.

"GUESSES AT TRUTH."

HERE is a good deal of speculation abroad concerning the Banks Expedition and its probable destination and objects. Some excellent guessers have been at work on the matter for the last week, and as we have employed a special reporter to attend their meetiugs, we are enabled to lay before our readers a brief synopsis of the proceedings.

General GREELEY supposed that the idea of BANKS going South was all gammon. He had just had an interview with a highly educated and very moral contraband, who told him that whitewash is going up sky-high, owing to the duty on mineral kermes and musical instruments of all kinds, such as zinc, spelter, and hornblende, whether in blocks or pigs. This would show the absurdity of supposing that the Banks Expedition is bound for the coast of Newfoundland to fish for Cape Cod.

The Senior Editor of the *Evening Post* compared the Banks Expedition to a waterfowl winging its wayward flight to parts unknown, against a lurid evening sky. The plashy lagoons about Key West might open their arms to receive the little stranger. The reefs of madrepore lying off Galveston S.W. by N.E. might be ridging up their backs to wreck it. Time alone can tell, and he has a soaped forelock.

A gentleman connected with the *Daily Times* made some stringent remarks on the subject of paper blockades. He said that, considering the scarcity of rags, and the immense duty on imported paper, it would be preposterous to suppose, as some did, that the purpose of the Banks Expedition is to establish a paper blockade of any Southern ports. He rather inclined to the idea that the fleet has been sent to the coast of England, in support of Mr. HEENAN, who has pledged himself to fight Mr. KING, the conqueror of Mr. MACE, for the championship of the world.

Here a representative from the office of the *World* rose, and, in very strong language, disclaimed any intention on the part of that journal to establish a fistic champion. In his opinion the Banks Expedition has put to sea in search of the notorious corsair *Alabama*. Pirate SEMMES, who commands that vessel, is a proverbial pickpocket; he took two hundred dollars and five quadrants in gold from the person of Captain MELLEN, of the ship *Levi Starbuck*. Captain MELLEN is a staunch Union man, and it was natural and good of the Government to despatch eight steamers in search of his property. He is a water MELLEN—salt water.

At this juncture a cry of "Here she is!" brought all the members of the meeting to their feet, and there was a general scatter in every direction, on the supposition that the *Alabama* was coming up the Sound or down Broadway. The alarm, however, turned out to be groundless—the words "Here she is!" having only been used by a little boy on the stairs of the house, (a tenement-house,) in reference to his Aunt SALLY, who was coming up with a jug of milk.

Owing to this unfortunate *contretemps*, the destination of the Banks Expedition has not yet been satisfactorily established.

Uncle Sam's "Unhappy Family."

His "Foreign Relations."

About as bad as any yet.

Q. Why is a lady's neck like a showman followed by his monkey?

A. Because it has a nape at its back.

Questions by a Cornish Man.

Is Dr. BAIKIE, who is said to be now engaged in hunting for a Unicorn in Africa, a chiropodist?—and if so, would not Any corn answer his purpose as well as Unicorn?

"I AM BURNING TO BE AT THE ENEMY AGAIN"—as the man whose physician had advised him to give up smoking remarked, when he lit a fresh cigar.

Vigorously Descriptive.

A WELL-KNOWN literary man, whose name, residence, pedigree, and general accomplishments modesty debar us from touching upon, when asked by an Englishman of the dry-goods persuasion what sort of person the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* is, described him as "Heavy knit all Wool."

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Rather tardy: BUNYAN'S, you know. Chiropodists, please take notice.

THE HULL SCRAPE.—The one into which the Great Eastern seems to have got.

A Pious Wish.

AS there has been no Draft in the State of New-York, so let us hope that there may be no Check upon BANKS going South.

A Joke, by Jingo!

THE Spiciest thing yet said about Stonewall JACKSON is the announcement that he has gone to Cull Pepper. We have no words wherewith to qualify our admiration of the army correspondent who innocently made that splendid joke.

A FAREWELL TO THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

I.

"FAREWELL, old Gum Araby, go where you'd oughter!"
Thus warbled one, beery, half over the sea;
"No copper, gummed over with sweet rum and water,
More sticky and foul in its feeling than thee!
Around thy back, dirt clings like black specks in amber,
And honest men ever thy presence have wept,
But brokers know many an iron-cased chamber
Where silver and gold since the crisis have slept.
Farewell—farewell!

II.

"Nor shall CHASE, unbeloved of our heroes, forget thee;
The tyrants abroad watch his course from the start;
Close, close shalt thou stick to his name, who would set thee
In place of bright silver, so dear to the heart!
Thou'rt no more like money than wind is like amber;
For one silver quarter I almost have wept,
With many a swear at the Treasury Chamber
Where decimal currency too long has slept!
Farewell—farewell!"

As to Freedom.

IT has been said that, in Madrid, provided you avoid saying anything concerning government, or religion, or politics, or morals, or statesmen, or bodies of reputation, or the opera, or any other public amusement, or any one who is engaged in any business, you may print what you please, under the correction of two or three censors. This was when STANTONIUS flourished there; and things are changed a little now.

Anecdote

THE celebrated Count GUROWSKI, in his "Diary," just published, relates, among other curious things, how he turned one day to Mr. SEWARD, and suddenly remarked to him: "*Si licet exemplis in parvo grandibus uti.*"

This, of course, is a fine sentiment; but GUROWSKI, in justice to the Secretary of State, should not have omitted to record how the latter, with that ready wit for which he enjoys such a *prestige*, immediately clinched it with the now famous words "*Nix mi dollipals.*"

Heroic Movement.

JOHN CHARLES has been heard from. He was at Cleveland, accompanied, says a local paper, "by one officer and a young lady." Cleveland is safe.

THE CHILDHOOD OF SEMMES.

ERSONAL sketches are always interesting: see what a sale there invariably is for the last dying speeches and confessions of malefactors whose career has been suddenly choked off with a "fatal noose" — as noose-paper writers are in the habit of terming the hangman's rope. A few particulars respecting the infant life and later childhood of SEMMES, the redoubtable commander of the pirate *Alabama*, may, therefore, be interesting to our readers. They are gleaned from an old black woman, who nursed SEMMES, and who has a distinct recollection of the early tastes and habits of the charming babe.

It has been stated that SEMMES is a native of Maryland, but that is doubtful, to say the least. Some authorities state that he was born on a raft at sea; and they account for his first name, RAFFAEL, by averring that the worthy couple by whom he was adopted won him in a raffle, which used to be a very common mode of disposing of foundlings in the Southern States.

When he was four years old he took steadily to drinking apple-jack, which has had a very perceptible influence upon his character and career. He was a child of good disposition, and never robbed a hen-roost without dividing one of the chickens, at least, among the joyous partners of his youthful sports.

Little RAFFAEL delighted much in the pastime of pyrotechny. He would steal gunpowder, in his winning way, from the powder-horns of the hunters who used to drop in at the tavern kept by his fond foster-parents. It was a favorite trick of the little rogue's to insert a charge of the dangerous explosive in the bowl of his old nurse's pipe, by which the poor creature lost all her pipe-teeth one after another. And yet she loved the boy.

When little RAFFY was five years old, he was master of all the boys in the village under the age of ten. At this time he began to be dressy—he is a tremendous swell now, you know. A picture of him done upon a panel of one of the tavern doors, by a provincial house-painter of merit, represents him as a beautiful, bacchanalian child, in a heavy fur cap. That fur cap was his first trophy of war, being constructed from the skin of a neighbor's dog, blown up by the interesting boy with a train of gunpowder, as it lay sleeping in the sun.

His foster-father owned a log canoe; and in this craft little RAFFY used to harass the ducks on a pond in the vicinity of his home. The village school-marm once went in pursuit of him while thus engaged; but he managed to elude her, and, reaching the school-house before she could return to it, organized a conspiracy among four boys and six girls there, and drew an excellent caricature of the worthy lady in white chalk upon the black board.

As the months progressed, so did little RAFFY SEMMES go on improving in mind and body. Going to church, on the happy, tranquil Sabbath morn, was to him the purest of delights. While apparently absorbed in his devotions, he used to drive a good business by filching marbles from the pockets of the boys who sat near him. Once he dissolved the service and scattered the congregation by surreptitiously placing a quantity of Cayenne pepper upon the hot stove, which gave occasion to the parish fool to say that he—RAFFY—would grow up a man not to be sneezed at.

And so he has: at least all our naval commanders appear to believe it.

"French Papers Please Copy."

SOME of the English journalists have been making very merry over a story about a great invoice of "guillotines" consigned to somebody in this country.

Now, it is well known that most of these writers, including the Big Man of the London *Times*, use Gillott pens for impaling their victims, who may therefore be described as getting the Gillott in with a vengeance.

Interesting Speculation.

A BOOK has been written called "The Game Fish of the North."

Out of this arises a question, to Wit. When ALBERT PIKE comes to write his autobiography, will he be justified in entitling it "The Game Fish of the South"?

Wit, to whom the above question is respectfully addressed, will be so good as to reserve his judgment.

Literary.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has an article in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "About Warwick." We have not yet had the pleasure of reading that article; but we must say that if Mr. HAWTHORNE'S War Wick is designed to throw any light upon this War of ours, especially with regard to its present conduct and final results, the author will have a good title to rank as the First Light of the century.

The Back Track.

DEBT-COLLECTING seems not to be an invention of our days, for do we not read how, in ancient times, "BIRNAM WOOD came to *dun* SINANE?"

Entomological Reflection.

IN November the most important lesson in the Book of Nature will be found in the fly leaves.

"PAPER is rising," as the boy said when his kite was going up.

"I'LL change my base," as the Counterfeiter said when he offered bogus for a green back.

THE Negative Pole: GUROWSKI.

VANITY FAIR TO THE LONDON TIMES.

BOANERGES:

Methinks that in choosing a lackey
For dirty work here, since the failure of MACKAY,
You've pitched on a creature as fit for the mission
As could have been found 'twixt yourselves and Perdition.
An outlaw himself, of a blackleg the brother,
(There's just six of one, half a dozen of t'other,)
He seems formed by Nature and association
To humbug, through you, a too gullible nation.
Disowned by the Head of the British Exchequer,
For acts that would shame e'en a Barnegat wrecker,
You took him in tow, and, with patronage genial,
Of GLADSTONE'S kicked cur made a favorite menial.
He does your work well—neither MACKAY nor RUSSELL
In fibbing could hope with FRANK LAWLEY to tussle;
Even JEFF doffs his cap to the Cockney levanter,
Who beats his best falsehoods, by chalks, in a canter.

Bull-Run RUSSELL was really a decentish fellow,
Not rotten at heart, although snobbish when mellow,
And MACKAY a mild sort of letter-sheet stainer,
Who was shy of Dame Truth, yet too timid to brain her,
But LAWLEY the lawless, at Richmond located,
'Twould seem for your purpose was really created.
With him hate of Truth is a furious insanity,
That twins your own.

Yours facetiously, VANITY.

Impromptu.

"YOU remind me," observed JENKS to FITZ-BOOZEY, who was airing a new suit of gorgeous apparel on Broadway—"you remind me of an ancient cry of the night-watchmen."

"Do I? Why?" asked FITZ, surveying himself in a large photograph showcase, *en passant*.

"Because you are 'all swell,'" replied JENKS, blandly.

THIS HORRIBLE APPARITION, WHICH GLIDED INTO THE "GIRLS' ROOM" AT AN UNSEASONABLE HOUR OF THE NIGHT, TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING WORSE THAN MASTER CHARLES, GOT UP IN THE CHARACTER OF PAUL PRY, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF BRIDGET, THE HOUSEMAID.

Bolters and Bolts.

RICHMOND papers contain accounts of a remarkable escape effected by some Federal prisoners from "Castle Thunder" — which seems to be the Fort Lafayette of the region.

This was a bold exploit, assuming that the portals of Castle Thunder, as a matter of course, are barred with the Bolts of Jove.

The Ghostograph.

ART critics are in the habit of applying to pictures favored by them the words *chique* and "spirit." If these expressions are good for anything, painters must find themselves nowhere in comparison with the Bostonian photographic "medium" who professes to obtain *cartes-de-visite* of persons deceased. In Cheek, at least, the Boston "artist" is unrivalled; but with regard to the spirit in his pictures it is just possible that there may be a spice of what art critics call "trick" in it.

The Sublime and the Ridiculous.

WHAT is the difference between DANTE's great work and HENRY WARD BEECHER?

One is the Divine Comedy, the other the Comedy Divine.

Very Proper.

"THE Board of Aldermen promptly rejected the nomination of LE GRAND CAPORS for Street Commissioner."—*Daily Paper.*

The Board of Aldermen was right. Any other board, except a tumblers' spring-board, would have done the same. We have too many grand capers in the street department already. Our Cockney joker suggests, however, that it was very natural for HOP-DYKE to take kindly to Capors.

LANCASHIRE.

Turn from the thunder of battle,
The hiss of the shell, and the rattle
Of rifle-balls hurrying for death:
Turn from the carnage and clamor,
The dread and mysterious glamour
Of blood—and recover your breath!

Turn from the dead and the dying,
The lonely, in solitude sighing,
The reckless, down-falling in crime;
The mass of impenitent sinning,
The woes that seem only beginning,
To strengthen with on-coming time.

Turn from our own selfish sorrowing,
Out of strange griefs some hope borrowing;
Hope that as we deal with them,
So the dark future, though grimly
It looms, shall pressage to us dimly,
Light our own troubles to stem.

Over the expanse of ocean,
Through all its grandeur of motion,
Is winging the terrible cry,
Out from the lips of the weary,
In sadness unspeakably dreary,
"Help! brothers, help! or we die."

See where the loom and the spindle
Worked till they saw their work dwindle
To nothingness—out of their sight;
'Till the great heart of iron ceased beating,
And the hours and the days quickly fleeting,
Stole bread from the starved—in their flight.

Dead is their vigor of toiling;
No more by desperate moiling
Earning the bread that they eat;
Now they sit sadly and gravely,
Bearing their trials so bravely,
Dying, when life is so sweet.

Dying for us and our errors,
Dying a death of such terrors,
Shall we look on and be still?
Shall we not spring open-handed,
In one bond of brotherhood banded,
To succor and aid, with a will?

Pour forth your grain, distant prairies!
Fly open, New-England dairies!
Send forth your ships, brave New York!
Stretch out your hand to your brother,
Hastening for fear that some other
May anticipate your good work.

Be still, thou tempestuous ocean!
And, calming thy grandeur of motion,
Bear over our freighting of peace.
Let their trust in us never be shaken;
Though stricken, they are not forsaken,
Nor shall be, till our life shall cease.

Something in the Wind.

WE hear a good deal about an article called the "Patent Weather Strip," used for excluding the wind from dwellings.

This, we should say, is an arrangement on homœopathic principles, the wind, itself, being the great original Weather Strip, as anybody may see by looking at the trees in our parks.

COLUMBIA BRINGS SUBSTANTIAL BLESSINGS TO HER POOR RELATIONS OVER THE SEA.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

GREECE, of all things, appears to be still sticking in the throats of the European powers. They don't know who to put upon the throne of Greece for a King, and nobody has yet had the gallantry to propose a Queen for the situation. It occurs to us that SEMMES, who is known as "Old Beeswax," would be just the man for the place. Beeswax and Greece would surely run well together.

Mdlle. TITIENS has written a letter to the President, saying that unless he consents to hang *all* the Indians in Minnesota, she cannot be induced to visit this hemisphere. The lady, who is very witty, tells the President that he is the victim of *Rouge et Noir*—in allusion to the red man on the one hand, of whom he does not know how to dispose, and the black man on the other, with whom he is in a similar predicament. Her hair is very beautiful, and she thinks that it adorns her head better than it would a Sioux warrior's leg.

We are glad to hear that the bullet has been successfully extracted from GARIBALDI'S fool, and trust that the General may not be so unlucky as to take the Lead again, in any enterprise so rash as his last.

The French in Mexico are said to be suffering unheard-of privations. One writer says: "Food is very scarce, and they are obliged to live on preserved meat and vegetables." Preserve us! only think of the *compatriotes* of SOYER and BRILLAT-SAVARIN being driven to such vulgar diet: but we always thought that the French would get themselves into a Pickle in Mexico.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

Near FREDERICKSBURGH, Dec. 12th.

DEAR VANITY:—I am once more afield. . .

I am going to change my tactics. . .

This here business is pretty nigh played out.

Heretofore, dear VANITY, as you may have observed, I have been following, in my last campaign, the system laid down by JOMINI. Jo was a friend of mine, and I always thought well of his tactics until this winter. He was the man who invented the Minie rifle, and sometimes spelled his name "JOE MINIE." He knew a good deal about military science, but not much about fighting. He was a first-rate engineer, but that signifies nothing.

FREMONT was a first-rate engineer.

So I think I'll drop Jo, and go to Richmond. It is getting too cold to sit still much longer, and my brave boys are anxious to receive a warm welcome from the Rebel batteries of Fredericksburgh, which I can plainly see with the aid of a good glass . . . or maybe two or three . . . from the upstairs windows of my tent.

BURNSIDE is very useful to me. He is a good fellow. The radicals won't like him, though, because he will not prolong the War to suit their political huckstering. He is doing, now, just what MCCLELLAN was doing when removed . . . waiting for supplies, ammunition, money, etc., in order to make the coming blow effectual. The radicals know that a Union disaster now would encourage the Rebels to keep on interminably, and as it is to their interests to stave off peace until the next Presidential campaign, they are working like shocking bad beavers to prevent Government from supplying the Army suitably.

Maybe you think that this is terribly and inhumanly cruel. So do I. But you see, the radicals don't fight. *They* haven't any sons, brothers or fathers in the Army. What do *they* care how much suffering there is here? The soldiers are only a lot of Democratic voters . . . the fewer who come home, the better for the next Abolition ticket. Don't you see?

But I have good friends at Court. The supplies will soon be forthcoming, and then . . . We shall see what we shall see.

There is a young fellow on my staff, who was formerly a lieutenant of Light Quadroons, in my Italian army. He is playful and courageous, when sober, and I set great store by him. Yesterday, he brought in twelve Rebel prisoners, that he had caught in figure, 4 trap. One of these was an intelligent white man, dressed in butternut rags that would be worth, at the present high prices, eight cents a pound. He carried himself proudly, and the small of his back wore a contemptuous expression.

"I am captured—not conquered," said he.

"Who be you?" I asked.

"I am Colonel RANDOLPH PENDLETON CHOUTEAUX DE FAUQUIER," said he, "of the Confederate Army."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, for being into a Rebellion?" I rejoined.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself for not crushing of it?" he replied.

"Let that pass," said I. "You're a pretty nice-looking scarecrow, now! And your men look underfed."

"Your army's pretty well provided for, too, isn't it?" he said; "your soldiers have had a good deal of pay during the last five months, haven't they?"

"Never you mind that," I retorted; "go and talk to your masters. Aren't they a good lot? What does a decent-looking man, like you, want to be ruled by a pack of knaves and fools for?"

"Which of your rulers do you love best, then?" said he; "dear CHASE, who makes such pretty money; or darling STANTON, who treats soldiers so well; or fine old WELLES, who sleeps so peacefully all day?

"Bah!" I replied; "don't be a fool. I meant your military masters."

"Oh!" said he, "it is FREMONT you like, then; or maybe PHELPS; or HUNTER; or MCDOWELL; or Bull-Run POPE, the man who prefers legs to defences!"

"S'pose we change the conversation," said my Aide-de-camp, uneasily.

"With pleasure, sir," said the Rebel; "let us choose a pleasanter theme: say, the removal of General MCCLELLAN."

"To be frank with you, Colonel," I remarked, after a short silence, "the conduct of the War does not altogether suit us soldiers. There are too many politics and too much printing-ink into it."

"Just so," he answered. "But it suits the Confederate Government all to pieces. If you'll only promise to go on as you have been going ever since MCCLELLAN was dragged away from the Peninsula, we shan't be much scared. There's but one thing we can't do. We may overrun the North, yet, but I believe there's one city we can't take."

"What city's that?"

"New-York . . . MCCLELLAN *is there!*"

My soldiers who stood around gave three rousing cheers at this sentiment. I had commenced the conversation with the intention of showing my Staff how easily I could talk down the Rebel, but somehow I lost all interest into that argument. The boys didn't seem to think I had any great advantage, so I ordered the Colonel to be locked up for examination by some other man.

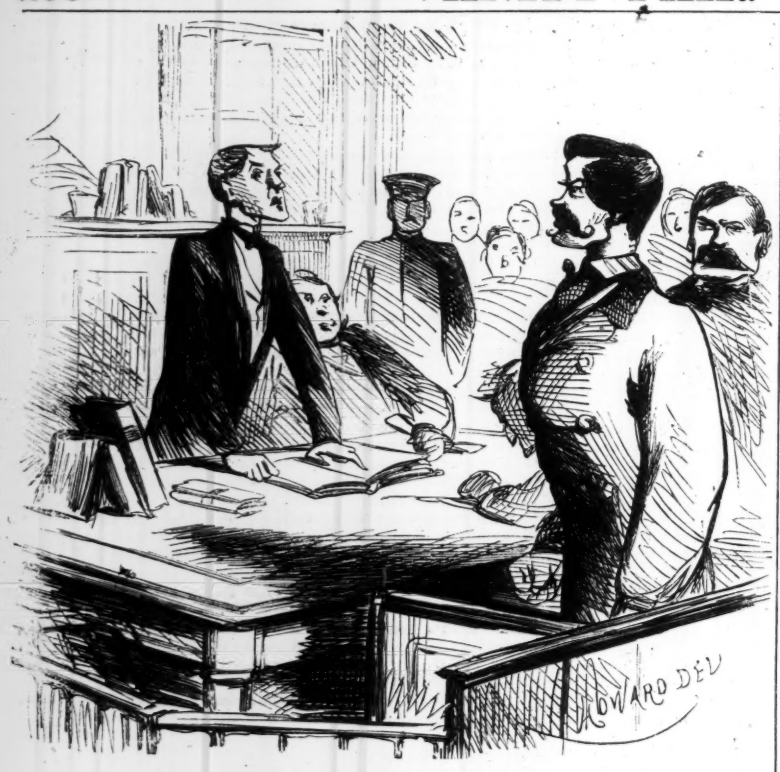
You need not expect a battle immediately. . .

But you shall have more tidings, anon, of MCARONE.

To Correspondents.

SEVERAL persons have written to us for information as to the proper Government quarter to which application should be made on the subject of artificial limbs. In reply to these applicants we can only state that the Joint Committee in the Senate should know something about such matters. Government ought to provide a special department, or particular Limbo, for the accommodation of all who have left limbs upon the battle-field.

XUM



OF THE COURT, UNCOURTLY.

Lawyer.—"DID YOU STRIKE THE OFFICER IN HIS OFFICIAL CAPACITY?"
Swell Rough.—"NOT MUCH!—I SLOGGED HIM IN THE JAW!"

A Prime Article for Gunners.

THE Copper Cap.

Not exactly a Unicorn.

AMONG the innumerable military impostors who have sprung up like mushrooms from the bed of war, there is one who goes about imposing himself upon the charitable as a disabled performer upon the French Horn. On enquiry we find that this fellow is disabled by excessive indulgence in Bourbon whiskey, which is the nearest thing to a French Horn that ever touched his lips.

The Horns of the Dilemma.

THE Rein (or Rain) deer controversy, wherein two English "bucks" are accused of attempting to do Mr. TEN-BROECK out of one hundred pounds, has reached such a state of promiscuous uncertainty as to afford no reasonable hope of settlement by ordinary arbitration.

Under these circumstances a brilliant thought occurs to us, namely, that a neat and appropriate mode of determining the aforesaid reindeer (or raindeer) wager, would be by the parties staking their difference on a game of "Old Sledge."

Confederate Paper.

IN a paragraph headed "Prices in Richmond," we find the following quotation:

"Madder prints, $1,62½ per yard."

Are we to infer from this that the Richmond newspapers have "gone up" to such a fabulous figure and are sold by the yard? We think it must be so, because Madder Prints than the Richmond papers it would be difficult to find.

REMARKS BY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TAKING one age with another,
I've seen a good deal of life;
Man I've considered my brother—
My sister-in-law man's wife.

They think me a distant connection:
I'm nearer than Father Sun;
The planets all claim his inspection,
But I'm contented with one.

Ever since Adam espied me,
I have befriended his race;
But many a scene has so tried me
I've wished I could hide my face.

Oft, when I may have seemed sleeping,
I've been on the broadest grin—
Or, possibly, I've been weeping
Over some comical sin.

I've murmured "Too bad!" so often,
My under-jaw is quite sunk;
And then I at times so soften
You'd say I was foolish or drunk.

But lately I haven't laughed much,
Not enough to grow fat;
And none can say I have quaffed much,
My grief is too real for that.

To see that noble young nation
Going so fast to the dogs;
While those who might win its salvation
Act like so many logs!

Naught has so vexed my gizzard
Since the decline of Rome;
I've sworn by the sacred lizard—
I've sworn by the sphinx's comb—

The rays of the sphere I inhabit
Shall strike the insensate curs;
Their shame to spread, they shall blab it
Over the universe!

In all my days—and they're many—
I never was so attached;
These people differ from any—
They never have yet been matched.

I know they prefer the sunlight—
All vigorous people do;
But, not contented with one light,
They love the sweet moonlight, too.

What *hasn't* their love, that's worth it!
Oh! that reluctant hands
Would choke the Revolt, and earth it,
Feeling that Heaven commands!

Con.: for Young Fathers.

Q. AFTER amusing an infant on the floor, why should you restore it to some one else instead of its maternal parent?

A. Because you certainly ought not to give a baby To-Ma-To-Ketch-Up!

Net-Work.

THE fishermen of Cork, finding their nets inadequate, have taken to fishing with crinoline, and have thus captured thousands of fish. No wonder! In that net lurks destruction to gudgeons.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS FITZTHOMAS.

Oh! listen, ye skaters! a moment!
Oh! list to the song of my woes!
'Twas last week all the town went a-skating,
And cried I in my madness: "Here goes!"
So, in spite of the dangers that threatened
My tender and sensitive toes—
So, in spite of the frost that high-colored
My cheeks with the tint of the rose—
So, in spite of the wind fierce and frigid
That over the Central Park blows,
I attempted the noble diversion—
And oh! if you could see my nose.

Intending my love to enrapture,
I displayed quite a madness of grace,
And in widely and wildly extending
My legs, I came down on my face.
O agony! bitter and blasting!
Oh! cruel my personal case!
That member so royally Roman
From its apex was crushed to its base!
And wounds on my pride were inflicted
Which centuries cannot erase!
Ah! better a nose like a bottle,
Than a breast in which hope finds no place!

No! the record is written forever!
No! burned are the words on life's leaf!
Alone in my dim, silent chamber,
I nurse both my nose and my grief;
Some recommend rum in its hotness,
Some recommend cold and raw beef!
But none recommend me a cordial
To give to the spirit relief!
O Winter! that rifled the flowers,
Of the flowers of Love you're the thief;
The wounds on my face may be painful,
But the wounds of my spirit are chief.

I was just with a sweet smile approaching
The place where my dear BELLA sat;
I just, with the neatest of gestures,
Had lifted my hand to my hat;
When somehow, O odious fortune!
I came down with a kind of a bat!
Saluting the cold, frosty surface
With a loud, ringing sort of rat-tat;
While her clear, silver accents were laughing:
"FITZ-TOMMY IS DOWN—THAT IS FLAT!"
They say a policeman took charge then
Of my mortal remains, and all that!

For the rest, oh! I do not remember—
For when I awoke, 'twas in bed;
At my feet were the jugs of hot water,
And blankets encircled my head.
My heart it was torn and despairing,
My nose it was heavy as lead!
'Round my pillow of pain they were whisp'ring,
"Alas! tis uncommonly red!"
And I knew, of my wretched proboscis,
Those words sympathetic were said;
Then I turned in the sheets as in torture,
And sincerely I wished myself dead.

O BELLA! my beautiful BELLA!
What cold, cutting sarcasms were those,
To be heard by a wooer whose bosom,
With passionate sentiment glows!
Do you think, in the midst of your pleasure,
Of the wretchedly thrown in his throes?
Forever my passion must wither,
Like violets under the snows;
Life's a madness; the Park in its beauty
Most vain of terrestrial shows!
My voice from my tomb cries to lovers:
"GO DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, NOT YOUR NOSE!"

A COAT THAT OUGHT TO BE FASHIONABLE AMONG GAMBLERS.—The Cardigan Jacket.

A Milk Punch.

AMONG the articles enumerated in the tariff, and set down for a duty of ten per cent, we find "Milk of India Rubber."

What the article in question can be we are puzzled to conjecture: unless, indeed, it is one of the many fancy names bestowed upon the alcoholic compilations used for giving Elasticity to the Spirits.

Or, as *lac* is the Latin for milk, it is possible that Milk of India Rubber may be only another name for Gum Lac.

However the case may be, we hope that the President of the United States may use something stronger than Milk of India Rubber for treating the Indian miscreants who are "rubbing out" the settlers in Minnesota.

Con.: By Accident.

WHY is the leading column of an army like the baggage of an itinerant "Show"?

Because it is placed in the "van."

Scour Away!

FROM Western Virginia comes the intelligence that "the rebel Col. CLARKSON, with a large force of cavalry, has been scouring Cabell County."

If the roads in Cabell County are as dirty as those intersecting other portions of the "sacred soil," it seems to us that the rebel Colonel referred to is favoring Federal operations by Scouring the district.

TO MRS. SECRETARY SMITH,

ON HER PROJECT FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER TO THE SOLDIERS IN GARRISON IN WASHINGTON.

NOBLE, whole-souled woman!
In your generous plan
Speaks the sort of spirit
Loved by every man!

Not content with feeling
Sympathetic pain,
You pour your angel kindness
As Heaven pours the rain.

Ah! the heart-felt blessings
Kept in store for you!
Such a Christmas Present
Sure will come to few!

Oh! that every woman
In our anguished land
Had such views of duty—
Would take such a stand!

Then would cease our troubles—
Every man would fight
To make such true hearts happy
And their love requite.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Poet's Journal: by BAYARD TAYLOR. *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS.

A very elegant edition of poems by a gentleman whose name is before the world, just now, in connection with diplomatic events. Russia leather would have been an appropriate binding for BAYARD TAYLOR'S offering.

The Canoe and the Saddle: by THEODORE WINTHROP. *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Well-told adventures, "out West."

Diary, from March 4th, 1861, to November 12th, 1862: by ADAM GUROWSKI. *Boston:* LEE & SHEPARD.

Oracular, like GUROWSKI; egotistical, like GUROWSKI; pedantic, like GUROWSKI. So much for the "Diary," which will be widely read, however, for its very personalities. Many of the predictions contained in it are so wonderfully borne out by the events, that one might almost suppose them to have been written *after* the latter had taken place.